

It'll Come To You

John Hiatt

That girl you were seein' back in '72
Somethin' 'bout a hotel room and bath water in your shoes
Were you into your Catholic thing then or some other stew
Were you both holed up in that hotel room practicing voodoo

It'll come to you
Don't look back, it'll come to you
In the middle of the night, with you covers pulled up tight
It'll come to you

And that business partner you took for every red cent
You can't even remember where all of that money went
Some on liquor and women, maybe a little rent
But as far as paying it back, Buddy, you ain't made a dent

Yes they'll all be standin' 'round you in your sleep
Askin' for a promise you couldn't keep
'Cause back when you were hollow inside
You were tryin' to puff yourself up with your own foolish pride

Now you're happily married with a wife and kids of you're own
But sometimes in the closet at night you can hear them rattlin'
bones
Takin' bets on your future and your current postal zone
It's a spooky equation, but check out yourself, Jack, you're th
e great unknown